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Only \$2 to New York

For first class limited tickets, fares reduced to all points, return tickets, New York, week days only \$1.00. Leave New York, 1:30 P. M. Return New York, 10:00 P. M. Due New York, 1:30 P. M.

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RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.

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Indigestion and Rheumatism

My neighbors think that a miracle has been performed in my case, and I wish all the world to know what Dana's has done for me.



For more than thirty years I was a sufferer from indigestion, constipation, and rheumatism. Was also troubled with flatulency and every few weeks had

Terrible Vomiting Spills

During the last few years I lived on gluten bread and baby foods, as I could eat nothing else, and even that distressed me. I had not eaten fruit or vegetables for 15 years. I often

Longed for Death

to relieve me from my sufferings. I spent hundreds of dollars and have been under the treatment of eight doctors who gave me no permanent relief, and often said there was no hope for me. Towards the last my heart and kidneys troubled me a good deal. While visiting friends in New Hampshire my friends urged me to try

Dana's Sarsaparilla

It is indeed the kind that cures. Before I had used one bottle the flatulency disappeared and I began to eat like other folks. Now my stomach is all right, the rheumatic pains are all gone and I feel that life is worth living. This is the story of Mrs. L. P. Hill of New York, N. Y.

"The Kind That Cures."

DANA'S PILLS are good for all liver troubles. They act especially with the Sarsaparilla.

Some of the larger cotton and woolen mills are said to be contemplating the adoption of paper shuttles. The woolen appliances at present in use are not only liable to crack, but are rougher along the tapering end and give trouble, from which it is considered probable that paper shuttles would be comparatively free.

Clothing.

My Fall

WINTER STOCK

Clothing, Hats

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

has been received. I should be pleased to see any one that is in need of any of the above goods.

JAMES P. TAYLOR'S

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Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 10 percent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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Spring Woolens.

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ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET

Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Cost.

Ladies of every description make to order.

A NEW LINE OF

Seasonable Goods

FEBRUARY SALES

I have a number of the Sea Side Library, marked down from twenty-five cents to ten cents. Among them are stories by the following authors: Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Melville, Crane, and other equally prominent authors.

JOHN VARS,

Young's Block, 120 Thames Street, Opposite Allen's Grocery Store.

POES IN AMBUSH.

(Continued from second page.)

other side, and the look at the smooth rolling car reveals the cause; two carbines are leveled at him, and flat he throws himself on his face and rolls to one side amid derisive laughter from the strikers themselves. A little farther on a knot of early rioters are gathered on the track. No warning whistle sounds, and the clanging bell is too far to the rear to attract their attention. "Out of the way there!" is the blunt, roughly spoken order. No time this for standing on ceremony. Veinful and scowling the men spring aside, some stooping to pick up rocks, others reaching into their pockets for pistols and revolvers as the train whistles rapidly by, and with gives place to mystification. Who—what are these strange, silent, stubby bearded, sun-tanned fellows in slouch hats, flannel shirts and the worn old black belts over the shoulder? Even the engine has its guard, and half a dozen of them, perched upon the tender, have leveled their carbines to flank and rear, ready to let drive into the crowd the instant a brick is thrown or a trigger pulled.

And so into the great stone station they roll, and here they find the platform jammed with citizens—some drawn by curiosity, some active sympathizers in the strike, and many of these prominent leaders of the mob surging in the crowded thoroughfare without. The train has hardly come to a stand when from every direction the mass of outsiders is heaving up around it.

"Now, Feeny, clear the platform to the left. Take the other side, Wing," says Drummond quietly to the officer at the front door of the next car.

In the very fraction of a second the first sergeant and a dozen men have leaped from the deck, and straight into the heart of the crowd they go. "Back with you!" Out of this!" are the stern, determined orders, emphasized by vigorous prods with the heavy carbines. Astonished at methods so prompt and decided, there is only such resistance as the weight and bulk of those in rear can offer, and that is but momentary. The sight of those gleaming galling barrels, the stern, brief orders and the rapid, confident advance combine to overcome all idea of resistance. On both sides, at the head of the train, the huge crowd, half laughing, half suffocating, is heaved back upon itself and sent like a great human wave rolling up to the iron lattice at the office end. Meantime, without an instant's delay the battalion springs out from the cars, forms ranks on the north platform, counts fours, and then, arms at right shoulder, away it goes with swinging, steady tramp around the rear of the train, across the parallel rows of rails, and in another moment, greeted by tremendous cheers from the occupants of long lines and high tiers of stores, offices, business blocks, the grimy, dusty, worn campaigner comes striding down the crowded street. Heavens, how the people shout! Staid old burghers, portly business men, trotting alongside, waving their hats and cheering themselves hoarse. "Then fellows hasn't no bouquets in their guns," is the way a street gamin expresses it.

"Whether are they going?" "What have they first to do?" is the cry. Police officials ride now with the captain temporarily in command; a carriage has whisked the colonel over to headquarters, but instant haste is the word. On they go, silent, grim, with the alkali dust of the North Platte crossing still coating their rusty garb. A great swerving bridge looms ahead; a dozen police deploy on either side and check the attending crowd. Over they go at route step, and then, turning to the right, tramp on down a roughly paved street, growing dim and dimmer every minute with stifling smoke. Presently they are crossing smoky lines of hose, gashed and useless; passing fire apparatus standing muddled and neglected; passing firemen exhausted and listless. Then occasional squads of scowling men give way before their steady tramp and are driven down alley ways and around street corners by reviving police. Then the head of column turns to the left and comes full upon a scene of tumult—a great building in flames, a great mob surging about it, defying police interference and bent apparently on getting the structure from roof to cellar and pillaging the neighboring stores. Now, men of the—th, here's work cut out for you! Drive that mob, bloodlessly if you can, blood letting if you must!

The colonel is again at the head. All are on foot. "Left front into line, double time!" the first company throws its long double rank from curb to curb, Drummond, its commander, striding at its front, Wing, his subaltern, anxiously watching him from among the file closers. Already they have reached the rear most of the rioting groups, and with warning cries and imprecations these are scurrying to either side and falling into the hands of the accompanying police. Thicker, denser grows the smoke; thicker, denser the mob.

"Clear this street! Out of the way!" are the orders, and for a half block or so clear it is. Then comes the first opposition. On a pile of lumber a tall, stalwart man in grizzled beard and slouching hat—evidently a leader of mark among the mob—is shouting orders and encouragement. What he says cannot be heard, but now, tightly wedged between the rows of buildings, the mob is at bay, and yelling mad response to the frantic appeals and gesticulations of their leader at least 2,000 reckless and infuriated men have faced the little battalion surging steadily up the narrow street.

"You may have to fire, Drummond," says the colonel coolly. "Get in rear of your company." Obeying, the tall lieutenant turns and follows his chief along the front of his advancing line to as to pass around the flank. He is not 50 paces from the pile on which the mob leader, with half a dozen half drunken satellites, is shouting his exhortations. Just as the lieutenant's arm is grazing grizzled old Feeny's elbow as he passes the first sergeant's station, a brick comes hurtling through the air, strikes full upon the back of the officer's unprotected head and sends him, face forward, into the muddy street. In the split of a second it follows. Wing's carbine is leveled at the mob.

Obeying to its principle, "Never load until about to fire," the battalion's carbines are still empty, but all on a sudden C troop halts. "With ball cartridges, load!" is Wing's hoarse, stern order. "Now aim low when I give the word. Fire by company. Company, ready!" and like one the hammers click. But no command "Aim!" follows. "Look out! Look out! For God's sake don't fire! Out of the way!" are the frantic yells from the throats of the mob. Away they go, scattering down side streets, alley ways, behind lumber piles, everywhere—anywhere. Many even throw themselves flat on their faces to escape the expected tempest of lead. "Don't fire," says the colonel mercifully. "Forward, double time, and give them the butt. We'll support you." Down from the lumber piles come the erstwhile truculent leaders. "Draw cartridge, men," orders Wing in wrath and disappointment. "Now, hats to the front, and give them a—! Forward!" And out he leaps to take the lead, dashing straight into the thick of the scattering mob, his men after him. There is a minute of wild yelling, cursing, of resounding blows and trampling feet, and in the midst of it all a single shot, and when Wing, breathless, is finally halted two squares farther on only a dozen broken headed wretches remain along the street to represent the furious mob that confronted them a few minutes before. Only these few and one writhing, bleeding form, around which half a dozen policemen are curiously gathered, and at whose side the battalion surgeon has just knelt.

"He's shot through, and through," is his verdict presently. "No power can save him. Who's the?" "About the worst and most dangerous ringleader of riot this town has known, sir," is the answer of one of the police officials. "No one knew where he came from either—or his real name."

And then in his dying agony the fallen demagogue turns, and the other side of his twitching face comes uppermost. Even through the thin, grizzled beard there is plainly seen an ugly, jagged scar stretching from ear to chin.

"This isn't his first row by any manner of means, if it is his last," says a sergeant of police. "Look at that! Who shot him anyhow?" "I did," is the cool, prompt answer, and Sergeant Feeny raises his hand to his carried carbine and stands attention as he sees the surgeon kneeling there. "I did, and just in the nick of time. He had drawn a bead on our lieutenant, but even if he hadn't I'd have done him, and so would any man in that company yonder." And Feeny points to where C troop stands resting after its charge.

"You know him then?" "Know him? Justly, as a deserter, thief, highwayman and murderer—know him as Private Bland in Arizona and would know him anywhere by that name."

A policeman bends and wrenches a loaded revolver from the clutching, quivering fingers just as Wing comes striding back and shoulders his way into the group.

"Is he badly hurt, doctor? That was an awful whack." "It is the lieutenant, sir," says Feeny respectfully, but with strange significance in his eyes as he draws a policeman aside. "Look!"

And Wing, bending over, gives one glance into the dying face, then covers his eyes with hands and turns blindly, dizzily, away.

That evening a host of citizens are gathered about the bivouac of the battalion at the waterworks while the trumpets are sounding tattoo. A few squares away the familiar notes come floating in through the open windows of a room where Jim Drummond is lying on a most comfortable sofa, which has been rolled close to the easement where every whiff of the cool lake breeze can fan his face, and where, glancing languidly around, he contrasts the luxury of these surroundings with the rude simplicity of the life he has lived and loved so many years. Gray haired George Harvey, kindly Mrs. Stone, his sister, beautiful Fan-

(Continued on sixth page)



Reigns Supreme

B-L

Tobacco

keeps moist.

Always the same.

Omens of Evil.

On the day of the marriage so many separations enter into every detail that it is a very wise rule, indeed, who remembers all the little ones that are as portentous with meaning, in regard to the future, says the Philadelphia Times. If by chance she should happen to put on her left shoe first, her married life will prove unhappy; therefore, it behooves her to look carefully to this portion of her toilet, and be certain to select the right foot as the first to be attended to.

No bridal guest should wear a costume entirely black, as such a choice will bring sorrow to the bride. If the best man stumbles on his way to the altar it is regarded as a most ominous proceeding, and at any rate is awkward enough to merit rebuke.

The wedding ring should be a circle of gold, unbroken by any jewel, as the significance of the ring demands that its form shall be typical of one entire love that prompts its bestowal. To try on the ring before marriage is certain to bring dire misfortune, and many there are who would regard taking it off as an actual sin, holding fast to the belief that it was placed on the finger for all time and not merely as the symbol of everlasting affection.

When the bride leaves the assembled company to change her gown, she throws her bouquet among the group and the fortunate one who catches it is promised a husband within a year, providing that he or she is single at the time. It is the duty of every bride who pretends to be at all versed in these superstitious to throw away every pin that was used in her bridal attire. The bridesmaids, as a rule, are willing to go down on their hands and knees on the carpet in order to avoid one of these luck emblems, and each one fortunate enough to possess herself of even a bead and deprecate specimen feels blent in the thought that good fortune will attend her from henceforth.

Do Painter, carefully—Do you know, Miss Fairface, that whenever I find myself beside an exceedingly lovely woman my very soul leaps with—

Miss Fairface, interrupting—Oh, oh! Mr. Do Painter, really, you quite relieve me, sir; I feared you had—

The Mexican Central Railway Company is fitting all its engines to burn wood. Some of them have been using wood, but the discount on silver is now so heavy that it is cheaper to burn wood than coal.



From your IVORINE packages.

Valuable

Premiums

Offered to users of the Famous

IVORINE

WASHING POWDER

Splendid presents for Christmas, Birthdays, Weddings and other Anniversaries.

Our Catalogue and a set of beautiful colored cards sent for a 2-cent stamp.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,

Premium Department, GLASTONBURY, CONN.

WILLIAMS SHAVING SOAPS

Celebrated for 50 years.

NEWPORT ILLUMINATING CO.

INCANDESCENT LIGHTING IN 16, 24, 32 and 50 Candle Power.

ARC LIGHTING.

STATION BY MOTORS of 1-8, 1-4, 1-2, 3-4, 1 1-2 up to 60 horse

power for Elevators, Hoists, Saws, Planes, Drills, Organs,

etc., everything requiring large or small power. Reliable

and convenient.

WIRING.—Stores, offices and residences wired and furnished

throughout with all apparatus necessary for electric light-

ing by our own staff at reasonable rates. We have just

opened out in our show rooms a full line of new Electric

and Combination Fixtures, Brackets, Shades, Portable

Lamps for desks in polished brass, bronze and 1m Matte

Gold. Inspection invited.

NEWPORT ILLUMINATING CO. 449 TO 455 Thames St.

THE BOSTON HERALD—TUE

AN INCOME ASSURED!

PAYABLE IN GOLD SEMI-ANNUALLY.

Washington.

Selected Tale.

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M. A. McCormick,
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All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to. Estimates cheerfully given.

RESIDENCE—31 DEARBORN STREET,
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JOHN S. LANGLEY.

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ORANGES,

DATES,

FIGS,

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At the very lowest possible prices.

Canaries

Brass Cages.

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Stone, Cutler, Monumental and Building

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introduced into their residences or place of

business, should make application at the

office, Marlboro' Street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 A. M. to 3 P. M.

WM. S. SLOOM, Treasurer.

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Photograph Gallery

[For Sale Cheap—Good Business,

GOOD CHANCE FOR AN]

Amateur.

A. L. LEAVITT,

126 Bellevue Avenue.

REMOVAL.

I desire to inform my patrons and friends

that on and after OCTOBER 1, 1893, my place

of business will be No. 13 Market Square. Any

one who has a subscription or parcel will please

call them here.

Small live-larger premises and will buy and

sell second-hand furniture and antiquities.

ROOON BROWN, Ferry Wharf.

Furniture.

New Carpets

Wall Papers.

We are daily receiving new carpets

and wall papers and are pre-

pared to show a

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New Patterns.

Prices as low as

Anywhere.

W. C. COZZENS & CO.,

138 Thames St.

CARPETS

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CHAMBER FURNITURE

PAPER HANGINGS.

Furniture of all Descriptions,

Carpets, Oil Cloths and

Matting.

M. COTTRELL,

COTTRELL BLOCK,

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Next to the Post Office.

CLOSING OUT

SPRING STOCK

at a discount.

Great bargains in

Baby Carriages

Brver's

Furniture Rooms.

156 THAMES STREET.

Chamber Suits,

Mattresses,

Feather Pillows,

J. W. HORTON & CO.'S,

42 CHURCH ST.

UPHOLSTERING

MATTRESS WORK,

In all its branches.

E. B. HARRINGTON

Purchased Controlling Interest

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Transfer Express Company

Desires to call attention of the public to

unusually facilities for local express business.

This company has the

Exclusive Privilege

of collecting checks, for delivery of baggage

on all trains and steamers arriving in New-

port.

CHECKING BAGGAGE

RESIDENCE TO DESTINATION.

It has desirable storage warehouses at a

reasonable rates.

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Newport, R. I., June 1st, 1901.

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H. G. BURNS, Proprietor.

GRANITE WORK

of every description, including all kinds of

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WORK.

A good stock of BLUE STONE, constantly on

hand.

42 Long Wh., foot Whittier Ave.

NEWPORT, R. I.

WOMAN'S TRIALS.

SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

So Many Suffer Without Knowing Why.

Much Can Be Avoided.

(SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.)

So many feel the very life crushed out

of them, wake up cheerful and happy,

determined to do so

much before the day

ends, and yet:

Before the morn-

ing is very old, the

feared backache or

bearing-down feel-

ings attacks them,

the brave spirits sink

back in fright, no

matter how hard

they struggle, the

"clutch" is upon

them, and they sink

into a chair, crying,

"Oh! why should I

suffer so?"

What can I do?"

The answer is

ready, your cry has

been heard, and a woman is able to restore

to her health and happiness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-

ound will stop your torture and restore

your courage. All your pains come from

a deranged uterus or womb.

It is the greatest of all rewards to re-

ceive such letters as the following from

Miss Louise Miller, who lives at 44 Mel-

lrose Ave., in Evanston, Ill. She says:

"As I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound, and have thereby be-

come entirely well, I am recom-

ending all my lady

friends to use it. I

am sure it will help

them in all cases

of womb trouble,

menstrual irregu-

larities, or painful

monthly periods.

I am sure it

is our best friend.

I am so thankful to Mrs. Pinkham for

the good she has done me, that I wish every

sick woman in America would write to

her at Lynn, Mass., and get her advice."

THE KOAL-SPAR CO.,

51 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

JAMES A. RANDALL,

General Agent, 128 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

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37 CUSTOM HOUSE ST., PROVIDENCE

Blank Books, Wholesale or retail, on hand

or made to any desired pattern. Book Bind-

ing, Lettering, Edging, Binding, Letter-

ing, Machine Printing and all printing.

H. M. COZZENS & CO.,

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California in 34 Days.

From the snow-clad regions of the

East to the delightful semi-tropical

climate of California is a matter of only

a few days' journey if the North

Western Line is used for the trip. The

Chicago Drawing Room Sleeping Cars leave

Chicago daily and run through to Cal-

ifornia without change, covering the

distance in the marvelously short time

of 34 days, and all meals en route are

served in dining cars. Daily Tourist

Sleeping Car service is also maintained

by this line between Chicago and San

Francisco and Los Angeles, and every

Thursday the party is personally con-

ducted by an experienced excursion

manager. Completely equipped berths

in Tourist Sleepers are furnished at a

cost of only \$8.00 each from Chicago

to the Pacific Coast, thus affording a

most favorable opportunity for making

the journey in a comfortable and at the

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ous rates of excursion tickets, taking in

all principal points of interest, are sold

at exceedingly low rates. Illustrated

pamphlets descriptive of the Mid-Winter

Fair and full information concern-

ing rates, routes, etc., will be mailed

free upon application to W. A. Thrall,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent

Chicago & North-Western R.R., Chicago,

Ill., if you mention this publication.

Nothing amuses children more than

entertainments in which they take part

themselves. In a certain circle of chil-

dren in this city a number of parties

have been given this Winter, at each

of which some special entertainment

was provided. The last of these parties

place on Shrove Tuesday, and at the

last moment the mother of the small

hostess found that her plan of amusing

the children with Punch and Judy was

frustrated. In despair, she resorted to

very young, and though the children

were very young, the ages ranging

from five to ten, the evening proved a

pronounced success. The simplest

words were taken, representing con-

crete action. Music, carpet, bunting

an improvised Pullman car with por-

triumphed to make up a berth calling

forth latent histrionic abilities from

a small girl who volunteered to be the

lozenge boy.

The fun was kept up until every child

had been in at least one scene. When

the youngsters were going a small boy

of seven was asked what part of the

evening he had liked the best.

"The part where I acted," promptly

replied the little fellow, the charms of

posing transcending even those of sup-

per, the usual attraction for young

guests.

Woman's Dep't.

How We Voted in Joliet.

JOLIET, ILL., Feb. 10, 1891.

Editors Women's Journal:

I believe said I would vote, if I lived

long enough, and that I would study

the papers and learn to vote intellig-

